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JULIA MURDOCK'S GOSSIP

Miss Alice Vandergrift Bride Today
Of George Angus Garrett, of Chicago

Ceremony Will Be Performed in
St. Thomas' Episcopal
Church This Afternoon.

THIS afternoon at 4 o'clock the marriage of Miss Alice Vandergrift, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Henry Vandergrift, to George Angus Garrett, of Chicago, will take place in St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, the pastor, the Rev. C. Ernest Smith, officiating.

The church has been beautifully decorated for the occasion with quantities of Southern amellax and Easter lilies, curtains of amellax being used to screen off the wings of the church from the center, which will be used for the seating of the guests, who will be a representative gathering of Washington society people. The pillars of the church have been draped with amellax and each has a wall pocket of amellax filled with lilies. Garlands of amellax have been used to connect the pillars, and the pews reserved for the members of the families have been marked off with ropes of amellax and standards of white lilies.

The church has been banked with large Australian ferns, tall palms and lilies and at the doorway, through which the bride party will enter the church, a canopy effect has been arranged with amellax and lilies and clusters of white wedding bells filled with white blossoms.

The wedding march will be played by the organ of the church and the ceremony the wedding music from "Faust" will be played softly.

Mr. Vandergrift will escort his daughter and give her in marriage. She will wear a handsome gown of moire broche in ivory blue embroidered on the bodice with tiny, seed pearls and trimmed with handsome duchesse lace which adorned the wedding gown of the bride's mother. The skirt is a draped style with a full court train. Her veil of white tulle will be arranged with orange blossoms in a cap effect and is edged with tulle lace. The bride's bouquet will be a shower of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley.

Mrs. George Summerlin, who will be her cousin's matron of honor, will wear a beautiful gown of blue and gold brocade with a large picture hat of tulle velvet rolled to one side and finished with a large, fluffy feather. She will carry a shower bouquet of pink sweet peas.

The bridesmaids, Miss Esther Denny, of San Francisco; Miss Isabelle Mearns, of St. Louis; Miss Frances Sullivan, of Philadelphia; and Miss Marian Leutze, will wear gowns of flesh-colored satin draped in white lace with a tulle of pale blue chiffon embroidered in silver in a fleur-de-lis design and edged with fur. They will wear tulle colored picture hats rolled to one side and finished with a feather of gray and pink. They will carry large muffs of pink chiffon trimmed with a butterfly bow of tulle colored tulle.

Newton Perry, of Chicago, will be the best man, for Mr. Garrett and the ushers will be Francis Hardy, Charles Cushing, Henry McRee, Howard Logan, and Kenneth Edwards, all of Chicago.

Following the wedding ceremony in the church a large reception will be held in the Vandergrift home, in Eighteenth street. The house has been decorated with quantities of Southern amellax and roses. In the drawing room an archway has been formed of amellax and pink sweet peas, under which the bride party will stand during the reception of the guests. The mantels have been banked with ferns and pink blossoms, and in the library palms and clusters of American Beauty and Richmond roses have been used, while the dining room has been transformed with ferns and quantities of white lilies, yellow roses and green orchids.

Mrs. Vandergrift, mother of the bride, will receive the guests in a blue and white brocade velvet with a blue hat trimmed in plumes, and Mrs. J. W. Garrett, of St. Louis, will wear a blue and white brocade velvet with a blue hat trimmed in plumes. Mrs. J. W. Garrett, of St. Louis, will wear a blue and white brocade velvet with a blue hat trimmed in plumes. Mrs. J. W. Garrett, of St. Louis, will wear a blue and white brocade velvet with a blue hat trimmed in plumes.



MRS. THOMAS ROBERTS, JR.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, Jr., of Philadelphia, are spending several days in Washington with Mrs. Roberts' grandmother, Mrs. Tilton J. Coffey in K Street. Mrs. Roberts, who was Miss Evelyn Chew before her marriage several years ago, made her home with her grandmother since she was a little girl.

The Riding and Hunt Club of Washington gave its first exhibition of the season at the club last night, the event following a business meeting. Only members of the club and their house guests were invited, but the scene was a most pleasing one, with women and men in their evening clothes just as they came from dinner parties. The French game, "Jeu de barres," proved a success and won rounds of applause, while the other features of the program were equally successful.

Among those who are patronesses for the Southern Charity Ball, which is to be held in the ballroom of the New Willard Monday evening, January 27, are:

Mrs. J. William Henry, Mrs. Robert Hinkley, Mrs. John Miller Horton, Mrs. Perry S. Heath, Mrs. George E. Hamilton, Mrs. Dudley M. Hughes, Mrs. Robert Lee Henry, Mrs. Randolph Hewitt, Mrs. Robert N. Hill, Mrs. Richard C. Halladay, Mrs. Charles D. Hill, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Thomas W. Hardwick, Mrs. Stilson Hutchins, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Robert Beth, Mrs. Benjamin G. Humphreys, Mrs. L. G. Hoffman, Mrs. John A. Johnston, Mrs. Hauge, Mrs. E. E. Jordan, Mrs. Hennen Jennings, Mrs. A. C. Janin, Mrs. William V. Judson, Mrs. William A. Jones, Mrs. James F. Johnston, Mrs. Benjamin Johnson, Mrs. Otis James, Mrs. Francis B. James, Mrs. Martin A. Knapp, Mrs. Philander Knox, Mrs. Victor Kaufman, Mrs. William J. Kenyon, Mrs. William Kent, Mrs. John D. Works, Mrs. A. Waller, and Mrs. Harvey Wiley.

Mrs. John A. Logan has sent out cards for a reception in honor of Mrs. Logan for many years during the lifetime of General Logan, but she has not occupied it recently. At present it is closed, and will only be opened for this reception.

Miss Juliet Parris Will Become
Bride of Theodore Gill, Jr., in
Home Wedding Tonight.

Miss Juliet Parris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abner K. Parris, will be married to Theodore Gill, Jr., this evening at 8 o'clock, in her parents' home, 3022 P street. The wedding ceremony, which will be performed by the Rev. Frederick Howden, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Georgetown, will be attended by a small party of relatives and a few intimate friends, and will be followed by a large reception.

The bride, who will be escorted and given in marriage by her father, will have as her only attendant, Miss Hannah Matthews, and Newman Perry will be the best man for Mr. Gill.

After the reception Mr. Gill and his bride will leave Washington for a wedding trip and upon their return to Washington will reside at Hammond Court.

Among those from out-of-town, who will attend the wedding will be Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, and Mrs. Harry Williams, of New York; Miss Gretchen Roy, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Boyle, of Philadelphia.

Miss Robyn Young will entertain at a bridge party Thursday afternoon in compliment to Miss Nina Van Arsdale, who leaves Washington shortly for a trip around the world.

Miss Helen Taft was the guest in whose honor Miss Patten entertained at luncheon today. Later in the afternoon Miss Taft will go to Annapolis, where she will attend the dinner and dance which Commander and Mrs. Bulmer are giving for her this evening.

Congressman William D. Stephens of California and Mrs. Stephens, who arrived informally at dinner last evening at Congress Hall for their debutante daughter, Miss Barbara Stephens, and her house guest, Miss Beatrice Burnham, of Los Angeles.

After the dinner Miss Stephens and her guests attended the hop at the Washington Barracks. The additional guests at the dinner were Miss Dorothy Gray, Brooks, Miss Marie Newton, Miss Mary Macon, Miss Edythe McQuade, Miss Virginia Brown, Lieutenant Vane, Lieutenant Edwards, Dr. Briscoe, Arthur Dutton, B. Miles Morris, Stewart Barr, and Ralph Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Carl Smith have as house guests at their home, 1728 Seventeenth street, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Cranmer, the former a nephew of Gen. U. S. Grant, and Mrs. Canaga and Miss Canaga, widow and daughter of Congressman Canaga, U. S. N., who are here from Boston.

Mrs. Smith will give a tea this afternoon in honor of her guests, and will be assisted by Mrs. W. M. Geddes, Mrs. Arthur T. Ramsay, Mrs. Augustus Knight, Mrs. William DeLaney, Mrs. Thistlewood, daughter of Congressman Thistlewood, of Illinois; Miss Alice Ray, Miss Mary Alice Higgins, Miss Russell Brown, Miss Snyder, Miss Keyes and Miss Ruth Norcross.

The decorations of spring flowers are artistically arranged and a large basket of flowers will decorate the tea table, where Mrs. Ramsey and Mrs. Geddes preside. Mrs. A. Smith will wear a gown of white lace and Mrs. Cranmer will wear a gown of silver gray crepe embroidered in silver. Mrs. Canaga will wear a gown of black embroidered crepe de chine, and Miss Canaga will wear pink chiffon over deeper pink silk and embroidery of pearls on drapery and bodice.

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For The Times' Children
Just Before It's Bedtime

THE FORTUNE OF THE PRINCESS.

ONCE upon a time there was a Princess who lived all alone in a castle with her father, who was a King. But, unlike most Kings, this one was very poor. He had a great deal of land, but his subjects had gone into another country and there was no one to cultivate the land.

One day the Princess said to her father: "I will go out into the world and see if I cannot find work. No one will know I am a Princess, and I am sure I can earn enough to keep us from starving."

The first place she came to was a lonely house on the edge of a deep wood. The Princess knocked at the door and it was opened by an old woman.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I am looking for work to do," said the Princess. "That is, I want money to care for my father, who is old."

"Can you spin?" asked the old woman.

The Princess told her she could, and the woman, who was a witch, took her to a room at the top of the house and told her to go to work and that in the evening she would return and see what she had done.

The Princess heard the key turn in the lock as the old witch closed the door, and she knew that she was a prisoner.

In the corner of the room she saw a spinning wheel. A chair stood beside it and the Princess sat down and began her work. After a while she grew faint with hunger and she went to the door and called, but no one answered. At last, she thought no one did, but as she listened she heard a sound like the wind moaning.

"It must be the wind," said the Princess, "and yet it sounds like some one in pain."

Just then the door opened and the old witch hobbled into the room leaning on her cane.

When she saw the beautiful work the Princess had done she made a cackling sound of pleasure. "Well done, my pretty maid! A King's daughter shall wear this, and well she shall pay for it, too."

"I am glad you like my work," replied the Princess, "but I should like something to eat, and then I should like to go to bed, for I have traveled far today."

"Of course, my pretty, you shall have your supper at once," said the old witch, hobbling out and locking the door after her.

By and by the witch returned and brought some crusts of bread on a plate which she gave to the Princess and some straw which she threw into a corner.

"There is your supper and there is your bed," she said, "and in the morning I will bring you more work to do."

The Princess was so tired that she did not stay awake, even if her bed was hard. When she awoke she found the witch had been there and left more work for her and a jug of water and more bread.

After she had done the spinning the Princess thought she would like to walk in the woods and she went to the door and called again. There was no answer, but she heard again the moaning.

"It comes from under the floor," she said, and seeing a loose board, she pulled it up with her strength and up it came, and in the room under her she saw a young man on some straw in a corner.

"Are you suffering?" she asked.

The young man looked up at her. "Where did you come from?" he asked. "Has the old witch made you a prisoner, too?"

The Princess told him how she came there, but she did not tell him she was a Princess.

"You will never get away from here," said the young man, "if you can do anything that will bring money to the witch she will keep you a prisoner forever."

"I lost my way in the forest a long



time ago and she took me in for the night, but the next morning my horse was gone and my coat of velvet and gold she had taken them to a band of robbers and sold them. When I complained she enticed me into this room and when she locked the door she said: "Here you stay until a princess comes to marry you. So, you see, I have no chance of escape, as a princess would never come here looking for a husband."

"Why do you not try to escape?" asked the Princess.

"I did at first, but she had me watched by her black cats, which are as big and strong as dogs. When I was too weak from not having enough to eat she took them away, and here I suppose I shall stay forever."

"Will you marry me?" asked the Princess, with a smile.

"If it would do it for me to marry a King's daughter, I would," said the young man. "I could not escape; only a Princess can bring that about."

"Answer me," said the Princess. "It is a strange thing for a lady to ask a gentleman to marry her, but it seems to be the only way."

"Yes, I will marry you," said the young man, and as he spoke the house sounded, then a heavy roll of thunder stood in its place.

A whizzing sound was heard above and when they looked up there on a broom stick was the old witch riding through the air and on both ends the broom stick was a large black cat, spitting fire as they rode away.

"That is the way we shall see of her," said the young man. "But I cannot marry her now it has happened. She said I should stay until a Princess came to marry me."

"Well, she is here," said the Princess, blushing and casting her eyes upon the young man.

"If you are a Princess why were you looking for work?" asked the young man.

The Princess told him how it happened, and that she was very poor, even though she was the daughter of a King.

"That will not matter," replied the young man, "for I have not been a prince long I shall find my home easily. Go into the carriage and we will look for it."

After they had gone a long way they came to a beautiful castle, and the young man said: "Here it is; this is my home." He knocked at the gate and many servants came to open the door. "I am a King," he told the astonished Princess; "my father died just before I fell into the power of the old witch, so you see you are to overlook the stage with pictorial adornment and trappings, or to revert to the stern barrenness of the Elizabethan age."

"Sometimes," said Mr. Faversham, "I am inclined to think that we lose sight of the real value of scenery, either through overstatement or fanatic neglect. Scenery is attractive and of distinct value. It is the legitimate and eye-catching setting for the dramatic story

Most Realistic of Stage Mobs Is Seen
In "Julius Caesar," Says Julia Murdock

William Faversham's Shakespearean Production Presents a Masterpiece in Stagecraft.

WHILE I have nothing but praise for the artistic side of William Faversham's all-star Shakespearean revival of "Julius Caesar," and while I wish to congratulate each one of the artists who go to make up such an altogether excellent company, to me, the most admirable and attractive feature of this wonderful production which has drawn me back to the Belasco Theatre three times this week, is the mob.

Think of a mob by Alma Tadema, perhaps the greatest artist in the world! Think of a mob as well staged and trained as many professional actors and actresses, yet a mob gathered from every walk of life and every corner of the city—extra people—with probably no technical knowledge of the stage whatever, and with less than a week's rehearsal. Such a mob is the one that makes the Forum scene of Faversham's production of "Julius Caesar" one of the most magnificent spectacles that Washington has witnessed for many years.

As a rule the stage mob is a gathering of young people who have stage aspirations. No attempt is made to represent what would be an ordinary street gathering, for youth is predominant in these mobs, and the characters are, in the main, replicas of each other.

Faversham's mob is different. There were shown the slave girls, the high priests, the little Nubian children, barelegged and scant of clothing; the old crones, the beggars, the soldiers—all the various men and women and children that must have been on the streets of Rome on the day that Marc Antony's wonderful speech was delivered from the Forum.

It was a masterpiece of stagecraft, an exquisitely drawn stage picture in which citizens, servants, messengers, soothsayers, senators, victors, and dancing women mingled. In the foreground there was a little Roman girl, with an exquisite fillet of green in her flame-colored hair, and a flame-colored robe covering her body. At one side there were four motionless soldiers with panther skins thrown carelessly across their shoulders. The entire scene was magnificent, and a triumph for the artist and producer.

I talked to Mr. Faversham one afternoon on the subject of stage scenery in its relation to the drama, and his reply was a defense of it. It has been a much-mooted topic these days—a case of "to be or not to be," to overlook the stage with pictorial adornment and trappings, or to revert to the stern barrenness of the Elizabethan age.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Faversham, "I am inclined to think that we lose sight of the real value of scenery, either through overstatement or fanatic neglect. Scenery is attractive and of distinct value. It is the legitimate and eye-catching setting for the dramatic story



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

which the actor is concerned in telling, but many people fall against it, especially in Shakespearean productions," I suggested.

Says Acting Should Overshadow Scenery.

"So they do," was his answer. "They assert that over emphasis upon the pictorial side is apt to distract interest from the acting of the play itself. This may, in a sense, be true. But isn't this a terrible indictment of our acting and our plays? Shouldn't the excellence of our acting and the worth of our plays always focus the attention at all important moments regardless of the splendors of the scenic setting? If acting is really great, breath taking and mind lingering, can the pictorial appeal, which may be a deplorable fact, but surely not one that should be turned against the use of the finest equipment of scenery possible?"

The painting of modern scenery has reached the point of being a fine art," Mr. Faversham continued, "and I think that many of the stage settings which are presented to us every year are actually pictures that are to merit perpetual exhibition, if such a thing were feasible, any inferior productions on

Sterling Actor Declares That Scenic Effects Should Be Elaborate, But Not Over-shadow the Acting.

canvases find their way into art galleries every month in the year the world over. It is regrettable that the very best of our stage settings cannot be permanently preserved elsewhere than in musty storehouses when the life of a play is ended.

Simple Argument For Good Scenery.

The argument in favor of as beautiful scenery as possible on the stage is a thoroughly simple one, and analogous to conditions in nature. Take the case of a yacht race. Half the charm comes from the pure white sails flapping against a purple sea and cloudless azure sky. Yet no matter how magnificent the setting provided by nature, when the exciting minutes of the race come, one is conscious of nothing except the activities of the contest itself.

To focus interest on a yacht race, it is not necessary to have a muddy sea, a soiled sky, and dirty sails. So it should be with the stage.

The most luxurious stage settings can not detract from the thrill and grip of the play and acting. Scenery that is too elaborate, too ornate are objectionable because they are inartistic, not because they are attractive. An attractive, rich, colorful scenery always helps a play and good acting; it can never mar either.

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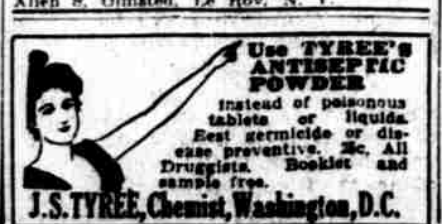
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